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President for Yong

Pen-men :


OR,

The Letter VWriter.

Contayning Letters of sundry sorts,
with their severall Answers.

Full of Variety, Delight, and Pleasure, and
*most necessary for the Instruction of those
that can Write, but have not the gift of
Endising.*

The Fourth Impression, newly corrected and
amended by the Author.


LONDON:

Printed by *John Okes*, for *Mathew Walbanke*, and are
to be sold at his shop at *Graves Lane-gate.*

1638.

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474



The Epistle Dedicatory



TO THE RIGHT

Worshipfull, and my most worthy

esteemed Kinsman, Anthony Hobart,

of Hales Hall in the County of Norfolk,

Esquire, all happinesse on Earth,

and the ioyes of Heaven

hereafter.



N Reading of Epistles written in divers Languages, I finde them dedicated to such Patrons, as could judge of their Worth, and would accordingly accept them : Some to men of great account; other to men of lower Titles of Honour, but in higher esteeme of their love : Now finding great men sobusie in great Matters, that I should have great adoe with their patience in troubling their leisures from implcyment in more serious affaires, and yet knowing my labours in, my Letters, worth the looking on, I have bethought me of such a Patron, as in his kindnesse will understand my worke, and regard my love, which having found in your many favours,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

give me leave, with my service, to present my Booke to
your Patronage : Each Letter hath his Answer ; the
Subjects are divers, so is the manner of their Enditing :
hatefull I know they will not bee to any ; good they
may doe to many, that can aptly make use of them : and
for your selfe, and perhaps yours after you, it may bee
no hurt to peruse them ; howsoever, at your idle leasure
they will save time, and perhaps yeeld you pleasure in
reading them : but loath to be tedious in needlesse

Eloquence, I will leave them to your kind
acceptance, and my love to your
like command : and

so rest,

*Your most loving
Kinsman,*

M. R.

To the Reader.

IN these latter Times every Ballad-maker will bee a Poet, as if every Pedler would seeme a Merchant, and every Pettifogger a Lawyer: so hee that can scarce indite a Letter, will take upon him to bee a Secretary. For my selfe, I dare not bee so saucy, as to put such a Title to my Booke; onely this, I haue heere written a few Letters, which, I hope, are so composed, as will bee Presidents for yong Pen-men, and not displeasing to elder yeeres: such as they are, I put them out into the World to the censure of all: intreating the best to correct what is amisse, and the rest not to discommend that they cannot mend, and rest as I have reason.

Your wel-wishing Friend,

M. R.

**A Table of all the Letters in
this Booke.**

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His answer.

A letter to a friend going to the University to be a Knight.

His answer.

A letter to a friend going to the University to be a Knight.

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A letter to a friend going to the University to be a Knight.

His answer.

A Letter of Request for a Kindnesse.

If you know my neede, you would not de-
ny me, especially knowing the good you may
doe me. Your excuse may prove more wit,
than love, and my want more grievous, than
I hope your good will wounds me: that
which will hurt you little, will helpe me
much, and what my remembrance shall bee
of your kindnesse, shall rest in my thankfulness: If prote-
ctions be not idle, you will performe the part of a friend, to put
your will to your power, to pleasure him once, that will love
you ever: In summe, leaving my hopes comfort to your kind
answer, I rest:

Yours, or not mine owne:

W. H.

The Answer.

I will not deny you, though I cannot helpe you, in that mea-
sure of comfort, that may answer your expectation: for my
purse is not even with my credit, though I will not complaine
of poverty. Come therefore to me, and know me, that Truth
hath no Tricks, & I will not falter with a friend: as I know
my estate, I must manage my affaires, if I hurt my selfe, I ca-
not helpe my friends, but since here words yield little comfort
you shall finde better fruits in my affection: I know you are
wise, and hope to finde you kinde, in being perswaded of my
love, to be as ready as able to performe more than I will pro-

The Letter Writer.

rest : to expecting your presence, in assurance of your patience,
till I see you, and alwaies, I rest :

Your faithfull loving friend:

H. W.

A Letter of Councell to a friend in distresse.

Honest Wil, I condole with thee in thy discontentments,
though I cannot ease thee of thy sorrows: but though my
coudyt be little, let not my counsell without comforte: for I thinke
I thinke, that wilt not be minde for thee to the end: the Tra-
velles must not give order, till he come to his journeyes end, &
till 6 dayes worke be done: there is no looking for wages: deep
waters are breadfall to them that stur to wet their feet, but
wisdom will thyng though the words up to the Chur: be-
leeve it, it is the evening play, I say, & hee is onely happy
that holds out to the end: stand therefore to your factinge: For
though your crosses are attibous, yet here is your blessing
great, in being so well able to goe through them: and therefore
light a good light, and your conscience will be comfortable, and
if not here, yet in heaben: shortly, God willing, I will see thee,
and till then, pray for thee, that thy faith may never faile thee:
and that I may find thee in such rest, that I may sop in thy re-
solation: till then, and alwaies, I rest:

Thine, or not mine owne :

D. S.

The Answer.

Kinde Robin, I am toye you are to say for me, because it will
do you more hurt, than me good: yet am I so far comforted
in your counsell, that if I could be my selfe, I should bee much
benefited by your instructions: but if oppression make the wise-
man mad, beare with the imperfection of fables: and know that
when patience is put to her strength, passion puts grace to her
trypall, I speake not this in despise of mercy: for God is as suf-
ficient as well in comfort as correction: but, crosses abroad,
and crucifyings at home, unkindnes of kinne, unfaithfulness of
friends,

The Letter Writer.

friends, breaches of holmes, delaying of times, scornes of beggars, and scoffes of fooles, with frustrating of hopes, in papers of faith, and teares of repentance, have almost broken my heart, which onely liues in the grate to have an end of my griefe: yet will I tarry the Lords leisure, and till then rest full of griefe:

Yours, what mine owne.

A Letter from a Nephew to his Vncle from the Vniuersity.

COD Vncle you writ unto me, to know what fruit I haue made of my studie: To tell you truth, in reading ouer my Alphabet, I found in all the Crooke Book, the word Letter was especially when I want helpe to it, and V followen after it: For there finding that I am, and cannot yet come out of your debt, I cannot be agréed that you are discontented, that I am, and cannot helpe it, yet thus much I gaine by reading, to find in my conscience the charge of my debts, which I will discharge with all speed that I am able, and in the meane time entreat my friends to that patience, I shall be nothing to their disspoit, among whom holding your love in no little account, assuring you ere long to heare from me, & in the mean time not unthankfull of your kinnesse: I rest.

Your bounden loving Cousen

R. W.

The Answer.

COD Cousen, in your Alphabet you say you find, the word Letter: now with me it is not so, for I find it, rather in H, which I seele not in my M or so: I am not so rich as to haue the Count, nor in my head, so: I thanke God I haue reasonable good health of body, but it is onely at my heart to thinke of my unhappinesse to haue so ill comfort of my kinnesse: yet, let me not write this to trouble you, your debt being but a trifle; and therefore knowing your honest heart, I leaue the time to your best ability, and in the mean time hoping of your love, I wish you not to hurt your selfe to helpe me; so: though I am

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page. I am no begger; and will not be unkind to them I loue :
in which, be you assured, I will rest, during life :

Your loving Vncle,
T. M.

A Letter of love to a Gentlewoman of good worth,

Worthy Lady, if I could not dissemble, I were a foole ;
but if I would, I were the moore foole, knowing your
wisdom to know craft to be the greatest folly, and your ver-
tue to allow only Truth to be the best Eloquence : In plaine
Truth therefore giue me leave, to lay the service of my heart,
at the feet of your fauour, where if the defects of my endeauour
may not be disdained, your Honour should not bee embased;
where your vertue is honoured : so crabling pardon for my pre-
sumption, in humillity of attention, I humbly take my leave
of you, and am, Your most willing, than worthy servant,

Her Answer

Sir, I haue receiued your Letter, and by the Contents gesse
at your content : but giue me leave to tell you, that prote-
rations are perillous shadowes, and the diuell neuer deceiues
moze, than when he comes like an Angell of light. I speake
not this with an ill confecture to wrong a good minde, but the
world is so full of Treason, that Truth is crept into a little
Corner : To honour vertue, I cannot deny you; and to deser-
ue it I cannot diswaie you ; but if the happines of my fa-
dour your hopes may be deceiued, though thus farre I subscribe
to your petition, that I will diswaie no honourable affection,
but with I were a moze worthy Mistress of so worthy a Ser-
uant ; and so in that case of my discretion, that may be no touch
to my reputation, I rest, your most than worthy friend,

Your well wishing friend,
T. M.

The Letter Writer.

A letter of kindnesse, from a loving father, to call whom an un-
christy Sonne.

The Pellican kills her selfe, to feed her young chickens: an
unkindly bird to be death of their breeder: the Cuc-
koo kills the Sparrow that hatcht her: Oh unnaturall bird to
bee her death, that gave her life! & the little Snakes eate out
the belly of their damme ere they come abroad: oh most hate-
full worke to be of so killish a nature. How seeing the shame
of these, wilt thou like a shadow follow their substance: With
thy disordinate life to be the death of thy father: I love thee
dearely, and wilt thou grieve me deeply: doe not so good sonne:
turne the glasse of thy disgrace, to a course of better comfort:
Leave the world and come home to mee: I will meet thee
halfe way with my robe, and with my ring, I will wed thee
to my love, and the fat Calse shall be killed to make a feast for
thy comming: so beseeching God so to blesse thee that I may
see the fruits of his grace in thee, till I see thee or heare from
thee, to the Lord of Heaven I leave thee.

Thy most loving father.

W. R.

all to see all and of Answered almost 6. and the
cannot see yet and: nothing to be said of it: and the

My deere Father, I most hartly thanke you for your
kind Letter, which hath so wrought in my love, as hath
almost metamorphas'd my mind from the humor it was in:
for since that Grace hath opened the eye of my understanding,
to discern betwene good and evill, I find him worse then a
devil that seareth not God, and a child to be loathed that
loves not his father: pardon therefore what is past, & feare not
what is to come. Will you bid me to your house, that am worthy
to be driven from your doore, and will meet me halfe way, &
merit banishment from your presence, & make me a feast that
deserves ever to be kept fasting: but this I know, love descends
before it ascend: God came to Man, ere Man could come to
God: your love called me to comfort, before I could come to
receibe.

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celve it: In sum, your kindnesse hath bound my love in an indissoluble vntie, in which I hope shortly to see her: and till then euer to pray for you, that all happynesse may befall you: and so humbly rest,

Your obedient Sonne,

N. P.

A Love-letter to a faire Gentlewoman.

W

Wretche Creature; if the world did not hold thee faire, I should thinke my selfe blinde: and if the world did not admire thee, I should not so much honour thee: but since, thy worth deserues more honour then I can giue thee, giue me leave onely to pray for thee; that no blacke spot of pride may staine the faire white of thy vertue: but that, continuing in thy goodness, thou maist enjoy the fullnesse of thy happines; and for my selfe, that in the defect of thy fauour, I may bee a Seruant of thy command: in which, more hoping in thy vertue, then presuming of my fortune: I rest.

Thy unworthy Seruant,

B. T.

The Answer.

K

And Sir, I would bee as leaue to bee the gaze of the worlds eye, as the subiect of fiction: and so; the honour of Wisdome, it should bee rather in the Heavens then the Earth: so; your prayers I thanke you, though I hope they are more charitable than necessary: and so; your service, take it not unkindly, that I wish you a more worthy spirit: and so intreating you to giue me leave, to leave you to your selfe, whom you haue most reason to make much of, I rest.

Too unworthy a Mistis, of so worthy a

Servant.

E. M.

A Letter

The Letter-Writer.

A Letter of discontentment, to a Gentlewoman, suspected
of Inconstancy.

If you were as wise as Salomon, yet if you were not more honest, I would not give a penny for your wit; if you were as rich as Cræsus, yet if you want grace, I would not give an halfe penny for your wealth; and if you were as faire as Venus, yet if you want vertue, I will not give one point for your painting. Counterfeitt modesty, is plaine hypocrisie, and to flatter for gaine, is the common course of the world: Babes in gay coats are Childrens sports, and foolcs fables: for my selfe, I have knowne you long, I began to love you, but finding your folly, I have with-drawn my affection: and to play faire with you, upon even termes, I had rather give over my game with a little losse, then have a bare stake to set my rest upon: to wishing you henceforth to make your best match for your advantage, & not deceive your selfe with hoping after a foolcs toy, meaning as little as I can to trouble my thoughts wth your idle humors. As I have found you, I leave you to task.

Your friend as I find cause,

Her Answer.

What you thinke of your selfe, I know not, and what your estate is, I care not: It seemes you are well read in names, but want iudgement in applying their natures: they that feare not God are worse then the devil, and they that want grace are in a pittifull taking for vertue. It is so rare, that I thinke Venus better fits your humour: for your pence, halfe-pence, and points, they are but Pedlers ware, and therefore I have nothing to do with such Chapmen. Hypocrisie mistaken, may take Zealouzie in an idle hand, and as god be a painted Baby as a peeble to toby: so your gaine, if you be not pleased, you may change your Card: be content with your fortune, & for your franke play you are so fresh a gamster, that I thinke losse of time will be all that will be gotten by you: and so wishing

The Letter-Writer.

ing you to keepe your money in your purse, play with children for Apples, that you may eat your part of them, if you lose: like a white God-sonne, I will leave you to your mothers blessing: and so rest: till I see you, which I hope to doe, never.

Yours, Asse you mine.

M⁷

A Letter of reprehension of suspected unthankfulness.

Come how kind you have found me, you know, and how unthankfull I have found you: I would I did not know: to be so long from me, and in your silence to forget me: in the notes of a good nature, I finde no such ill disposition: but lest I may wrong you, & my selfe, with a false suspicion of unkindnes, not knowing the cause, that may be excusable, I pray you write unto me by this Bearer: for if the cause of your silence have beene sickness, I am soorry for it, if your letters have been lost, or intercepted, we are both wronged, howsoever it is, something is amisse, which I wish kindly to be amended: not to trouble you with a tedious Letter, the Contents perhaps discontentive till I heare from you, which I expect presently, in the nature of a kinsman & love of a friend, without great cause to the contrary: I rest.

Your very loving Cousen.

R. D.

His Answer.

My good Uncle, how kinde to ether I have found you, I now finde you contrary, when in the construction of dispositions, exprobaton, and unthankfulness make a hard chosse, which is the greater Cut in unkindnesse: you thinke it long since you heard from me, and I heare from you too soon, when in your writing, I find you so farre from your selfe: for could I not be my selfe, I should forget you: but if a Carde come troffe, shall the game be given up: and if there fall out a mischance, shall it give suspicion of an ill mind: I hope not: Well the cause knowne of my silence, I leave to the report of this

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this bearer, to whom I know you will give trust: and by whom I send you another writtens long since, how miscarried and returned, being tedious to write, I will leave to his delivery: so hoping, that when you finde where the fault is, you will there see the repentance, in the free admission of a particular sinne, rather willing to deferre a good turne, than to heare of it: I take my leave.

Your very loving Cousen.

N. W.

A Letter of Counsell from a discrete Mother to her Daughter, newly married.

My good Daughter, thou art now going into the world, and must learne to be a Child, and learne to be a mother, and to looke to a family, rather than to the entertainment of a friend: and yet, both necessary in their kindes: And the disposition of thy husband, and in any wife, move not his impatience: Let thy kinnesse binde his love, thy vertue his comitt, and thy Dues wissey his commendation: avoid tattling Gossips, yet bee kinde to thy neighbours, and no stranger to thy kindred, be gentle to thy servants, but not ower familiar: have an eye to the doore, and a locke to thy Chest: keepe a bit for a beggar, and a bone for a Dogge: make much of the Bee that brings home the honey, and lose not the Cock that makes much of his Chickens: take heed abroad of the Bitch, and within of the Rat: pray to God for his blessings to all thy proceedings, and have a religious care of thy mooves government, and rather for charity than graffe give reliefe to the poore: If at any time thou hast neede of any good I can doe there, be assured while thou hast a mother, thou hast a friend: so, hoping in thy kinnesse thou wilt take care of my counsell, beseeching God so to bless thee, that I may ever have joy in thee, with my hearts love, to his tuition I leave thee: And so rest.

Thy most loving Mother.

E. B.

Her

The Letter Writer.

Her Answer.

My good Father, you have passed the cares of a Child, and know the care of a mother: and therefore, for your kinde advice for my carriage, I humbly thanke you, and what benefit I will make of your lessons, you shall know in the fruit of my obsequation: I am but newly come into the world, and God knowes when I shall goe out of it; and am yet scarce warme in my house, and therefore hardly know yet how to goe through it: for my husbands humour, if he alter not his nature, I doe not doubt, we shall live as Doves: while care and kindness shall continue content: my servants shall finde me, both a strict and a friend, my neighbours no stranger, and sole Gossips no compassion: thus in the virtue of love, with thanks for your motherly care in prayer to the Almighty, to bless me with his Grace, and to live no longer, than in his love and peace, I take my leave for this time, but rest during this.

Your most loving Daughter,

E. W.

A kind Letter of a Father, to a Prodigall Sonne.

My Son, for thee to spend carelesly, that which with great care I have gotten, may be as much the disgrace, as my griefe: when I would doe thee good, and shall not be able to performe it, and thou shalt doe thy selfe hurt, when I cannot helpe it: I can be content to encrease thy exhibition, but to maintaine riotousness, is to make iniquitie: yet let me not bee bitter in my reprehension, but let my kindness be thy correction: Let me know thy wants, and I will supply them: but let them not exceed my abilitie, least I be mozt to releeve them: I know thou hast wit to consider of my willing, and I hope thou hast Grace to make use of thy understanding: and therefore, to bee helpe, in the love of a Father, I leave thee to thy heavenlie Father: who, I hope, will so blesse thee, that I shall have joy in thee:

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thee: so, hoping to heare from thee, and that good of thee, that may make me glad to know it, in thee: till I see thee; and all waies, I rest, &c.

Thy loving Father,

R. B.

His Answer.

MY good Father, your reprehension was too kind for; so my gracious Sonne, and yet the willingness of your counsell hath so wrought in my love, that the limits of your directions shall be the passage of my life: and such shall be henceforth my care of your comfort; as I shall rather wish my grace, than your griefe: I have called my wife to account; and in the experience of Prodigality, I finde so poore a reckoning, that the summe will be all in misery, where sorrow hath little comfort: I have cut my finger; but not wounded my hand; and a little paine will make all hole: my wants are not great, but I wish rather to want life, than grace to bee thankfull to God, for his goodness; and to you for your kindnesse: so, in the due and true obedience of love, praying for your health, and hearts ease: I rest, &c.

Your most loving Sonne,

H. P.

A Letter in a kinde of Challenge, upon report of a great abuse.

HOW you have wronged me you know, but how you will right mee, I know not: Patience is a vertue, else would I quit a villainie in a true kinde: good words will hardly excuse all actions: I know you are cunning, so I wish you were honest: to abuse any man, is but the badge of an ill minde, but to wrong a friend, is a proofe of a vile nature: which how I can digest you shall find it as it falls out: and least sufferance may be thought cowardice, let this suffice: give me aspedie satisfaction, or to have your wages for your good worke:

The Letter Written: T

Woeke: and so till I hear from you, to a better end than you
 please: and so till I hear from you, to a better end than you

Yours as I have, may you
 S.T.

His Answer.

If your rage were not above your reason, I should thinke to
 I satisfie your discretion; but let me tell you the truth, in being
 too credulous upon report, you may wrong your selfe and your
 friends: I speak not this in fear of your threats; but to clear
 my conscience of this accusation: I knowe no wrong I have
 done you, nor how I am resolved to right you, when occasion
 shall serve: you shall know what is in me: if you will be at quar-
 rel with your selfe, your friends will not trouble you, and he
 that is your friend, will not be your enemy: For mine own part,
 I have nothing in my heart; but to send you some words: which I
 will bury in oblivion, except necessity of occasion, where they yet
 will observe a method not to pass the course of good man-
 ner: to hoping ere long to have you in a better humour, I will
 say no more: and so I am, your friend

Yours as you were; alas
 J.S.

A Letter to a Kinsman, a young man towards

to the world, and so forth.

God Cosen, I hear you are in love, I wish it with all
 the world, and that you are not is to be desired, for it is
 in vertue; but that it is with a woman, which makes mee to
 leave you somewhat, rather than to be of your company.
 Well, for your own sake, I would not be the world to draw you from
 marriage, for the cause is honourable: but if there be a crosse
 to content, it may prove dishonourable: what ever it be, I
 wish it to the best; but let me intreate you not to controule
 woman: I doo, upon what ground you have caused the honle
 of your hopes to come, that if I like the platforme, I may
 the better pray for your prosperity, and in the hope of your
 good

The Letter Writer.

good husband, be glad of your thrist: I know not your obiect,
but what euer be your subiect, make not your selfe an obiect:
in briefe, acquaint mee, I pray you, with your proceedings,
that when you shew your deeds my hand may doe no hurt:
so wishing you first to serue God, and then to looke to your
selfe, and to know Diuine, before you be too busie with
Carnall, in the hearty love of a true kinsman, till I heare from thee, and
allwaies: Thine, &c. Your most loving Vnckle.

His Answer: I thank you for your kinde Letter, and
touching the Contents, I hope my answer shall not dis-
content you, that I am in Love I doe not deny it, but with all
the world I will not confesse it: for The Repubates are out of
Rule of Charity: that my affection is of force, I grant it, so
so had I rather have it, then sinne sicke, and with a woman be-
lieved it, for shall we abandon the in love, by whom we have
our breeding to life. I hope it is not your meaning: for my
dear kinsman, in this world, I hope must leave that to the
blessing of Grace, whereon building the house of my hopes
comfort the foundation well laid, in the lesse feare the fall of it:
in the world of mine Obiect, I am bound: Abiection, when Diana's
Capit, the two neither Vulcan nor Venus, but if Pallus and
Mars make a confusion: Copulative, in an accident insepa-
rable, the top may be inspeakable: I write not this out of the
Art, but the heart of love, where there is moze hope of faith,
than a poetical fiction. To grow towards the matter, that I
know you will looke at, let it suffice you, that shortly I will see
you and then acquaint you with that I hope shall not dislike
you but to the confirming of comfort, at the houre of conclu-
sion, in joyning hands into hearts you will see rather a father
than a friend: in hope whereof, and prayer for which, I am
Your most loving Nephew.

M good Vnckle, I thanke you for your kinde Letter, and
touching the Contents, I hope my answer shall not dis-
content you, that I am in Love I doe not deny it, but with all
the world I will not confesse it: for The Repubates are out of
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sion, in joyning hands into hearts you will see rather a father
than a friend: in hope whereof, and prayer for which, I am
Your most loving Nephew.

The Letter Writer.

bjaime lets your wife a wool-gathering : but would you since
 bee your selfe, your friends would be glad of you, so; there are
 good things in you, howsoever you make use of them : If
 I had not heard of you now, I thinke I should never have
 heard of you; very strangely you went from me, but if some
 kindly, you would come to me, your welcome should be
 better than bare words; and therefore, if I may intreat you
 and not to trouble you, when you can conveniently, let me
 know that we may speake of something, that is necessary to be
 spoken on : be you assured, I will not hurt you, and what
 good I can doe you, you shall finde before I will tell you,
 and thus with my humble commendations, to your kinde ac-
 ceptation, I hope shortly to heare from you, and not long af-
 ter to see you, I like then and ever, to the Lords health, I leave
 you. *And thus the letter was sent, and the letter was sent, and the letter was sent.*
 Your assured loving friend,
 M. A.

His Answer.

If you were not estranged from that I left you, I should
 know how to finde you; but being as you are, I know
 not what to say unto you; you have not heard from me a long
 time, and me thinks too soon at last, considering the com-
 fort I finde in your Commendations : For you would seeme
 kinde, and yet in words shew the contrarie; when in the
 manner of your writing, the bitter over comes the sweet; if
 the good be marred, what should you doe with the evil? and
 if my wife be out of temper, what should a fool doe among
 wise men : I have no Birds nor Beasts to figure your fan-
 cies, but an Ape is no man, though hee be nimble in his con-
 ceits; and hee that bites like Diogenes, deserves a name of
 his nature, your hurt I feare not, and your good I seeke not;
 but if I chance to come neare you, it is a chance, but I will
 see you, when as I finde my welcome, you shall envie my
 companie : till then, rather to quite your courtesies, than to
 move your discontent, in the Answer of your Letter, loth to be-
 bre.

The Letter Writer.

be in your debt for an humour : in more love than this talke, as
 I love and will be : till I see you and otherwise,
 Your loving friend
 H. B.
 If all Beasts were Horses, an Ake would not keepe such a
 braying : whose shape is as unhandsome as his flesh is
 unwholesome : yet such Creatures there are to serve the use of a
 Clothe, onely to beare either burthens, or blowes : now
 if you understand not my meaning, looke but upon your
 picture, and you shall see the proportion : in which being
 nothing, worth anything, in as little regard as may be,
 till I finde better cause of liking : I rest as I was, and
 will be.

Yours, as you see,
 W. B.

Answer.

If all Beasts were Horses, an Ake would not keepe such a
 braying : whose shape is as unhandsome as his flesh is
 unwholesome : yet such Creatures there are to serve the use of a
 Clothe, onely to beare either burthens, or blowes : now
 if you understand not my meaning, looke but upon your
 picture, and you shall see the proportion : in which being
 nothing, worth anything, in as little regard as may be,
 till I finde better cause of liking : I rest as I was, and
 will be.

Yours, as you may conceive.

A. B.

A dif-

The Letter Writer.

A discontentive Letter of a coy Mistris.

Your coy looks condemne you for little noife, & your sharpe speech of no steele disposition: it is pittie so good apparell should have so ill lining, if I had not mine eyes, I should wispey an Iot, but when I know colours, I can gesse which is in grains, & be the best, I will give honour her right, and vertue her grace, Beautie her power, and wisdom her honour, but where I have convictions of a contrary nature, I will regard the more accordingly: she be it, I am not the first that hath bene deceived, nor shall be the last that shall bee deluded: and yet though this be no excuse for my folly, it shall bee a warning to my discretion, in the placing of my affeccion, in which not over bootes though over thows, not gone so late, but I can come home againe; I rest,

Yours if you were your owne,

N. A.

Her Answer.

If you looks for hearts in eyes, you may bee out of the rule of love, and let me tell you, that your crabbed witting shewes a crooked disposition, for your apparell and the lining, if I were acquainted with your Taylor, I should the better know the measure of your meaning: and yet if I mistake not your sighte it goes no further than your selfe, whose out side is better than your in side: if you deceyve your selfe, blame no body but your selfe; and if you deceyve me, I will snayp up mine owne sorrow: if you have done amisse, know to excuse it, or to amend it, and when you finde a good warning, make your best use of it: in byesse, howsoever you trouble your selfe, I pray you trouble me no more: for which kindnesse, I shall rest in much thankfulness.

Yours as I finde cause,

B. T.

D

A

The Letter Writer.

A Letter written to a friend in time of great affliction.

Kinde Anthony, thou writest unto mee to know how I doe: and though perhaps it may bee grievous to thee to know it, yet being truth, to thy love I will tell it: if thou aske how I fare, as hard as any man to live, if what I doe, shed teares for my sinnes, and pray for mercy, sigh to thinke of the follies of my youth, and sorrow to see the miseries of mine age: if how I passe my time, in the passions of the minde: if where I live, in the mane of griefe, where till I get into my grave, I thinke I shall never get out: if how I live, so neere the nature of death, as if one may live dying, I do tell: for may I not offend the Heavens boldly to speake it, I thinke never course of life came neere to the thornie Crowne about Christs head which prickt him round about: so is it with mee; crosses abroad and crucifyings at home, in body and minde, puts patience to a high point: Oh my torments are innumerable, and almost intollerable: but that his goodnesse that gave me them, gives mee grace to beare them: for in brieft, if want to supply necessities, unnaturall kindred, unfaithfull friends, unconscionable Creditors, unquiet neighbours, and a most uncomfortable wife, meets all together to the tryall of a heart, whether it will hold or not, thinke if thou canst, in what perplexitie is my spirit, and pray in thy heart for my ease, or end of it: And thus assured, if thou canst doe mee good, to finde it, till I heare from thee, and still deathy, I rest.

Thine what mine owne, or I

His Answer.

Honest Henry, I am sorry in my heart for thy heavinesse, and to ease thee of thy griefe, could bee content to beare part of thy passions: but let this comfort thee, that thou art not alone in thy calamities; for every man hath his crosse, carry

The Letter Written

carrie it as well as hee can: and so; my selfe, though my shoes be finely made, yet they so wounding my toes, that they giue mee many a twinge at the heart: and yet I must commend my Shoemaker, and conceale my paine, because the fault is in my selfe: if wee haue not our sinnes, wee should not haue our punishments: beleeue mee Henry; afflictions are the Badges of Gods blessings: if they bee borne without murmuring at his will: he that keepes a house, may haue many euill Birds about it, but I must confesse, within doores the night Raven is the worst, whose continuall croking is many times uncomfortable; but haue patience, it is a spirituall salbe, that healeth all the sores of the heart, and a measure, by which wee haue possession of our Soules, which gift of Grace, God of his goodnesse, in his mercie grant mee, and thee, and all his seruants: deliuer us from our miseries, and make the top of our liues in the feeling of his love: to which prayer, hoping thou wilt say Amen, till I see thee, and alwaies, I rest.

Thine, or not mine owne,

R. B.

A kinde of quarrellsome Letter, upon the frowne
of a friend.

AT my last being in your companie, your countenance gave mee some imagination of your discontent: if you bee angrie, I would know with whom, and so; what: if it be with your selfe, you know how to mend your selfe; if with mee, I know not why, nor care I wherefore; if it bee your nature, I will not seeke to alter it; and if but your humour, I would wish you to purge it; and wishing you to satisfie mee, if you haue any skill in Astronomie, whether wee shall haue faire weather or soule: as I heare from you I rest,

Yours as you mine,

T. N.

D.

His

The Letter Writer.

His Answer. "I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I have been wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I have been wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you."

My occasions of my countenance are Deart to my selfe:
at which if any take exceptions, I wish me out of their
company: your condition I know not, nor desire
greater to be acquainted with: for any hurt that is done, the
amends may bee soone made; if you be desirous of quarrell,
you may have your hands full of mischief; but if you will
be at peace with your selfe, I know no man that meanes to
trouble you; so loath to be at cost with any Minuticks,
to loose into the rules of Astronomie, come what wea-
ther will, welcome by the Grace of God: and to I
rest.
I am Dear Sir, Your Obedient Servant, J. Blount

A Letter to an Uncle to borrow an Horse.

My good Uncle, I have occasion to travaile some few miles, further than (I feare) my selfe will easily carry me; if therefore I may trouble you so long as your horse, for some few daies, I will travell him easily, tend him carefully, and feed him sufficiently: his safe returne you shall not doubt, nor my thankfullnes to you: knowes: To leave so the needlesse troublemaits till I heare from you, and as soone I ret,

Your very loving Nephew,
R. F.

This Answer.

If I should lend you my Horse, you might thinke me an assle,
knowing your boldness; and his quality: but let this
satisfie you, these things I will not lend, nor can I spare:
my wife, my horse, nor my sword; the one from my bed, the
other from my stable, the third from my side: the one for my
pleasure, the other for my defence, and the third for my ser-
vice: but, that you shall not thinke I will be altogether unkind,

The Letter-Writer. T

I have sent you herein enclosed a piece of Gold, to hire you a
Sage: so hoping of your discretion: to have patience with
my Dauidall, I rest.

Your most loving Vnckle,

T. R.

That I should send him to his adopted Son, is going from the
spirit in all things. Visiting to travel abroad, and to look
into the world, shall not be a good thing, unless it be to
learn of God.

Man is by the writing that thou art deter-
mined to send the Minister, and to look abroad into
the world: and being perswaded, that I have seen something
but, desire my counsaile for the carriage through it: so let
the request, let this suffice thee in a few words, that I
set thee down for a carter in all the courts: if thou be a
Carter, be sure of it: if a lawyer of conscience, if a
Merchant of credit, if a Traveller of trust, if a Church-
man of courage, if a Soldier of blood, if a Traveller of thy
way, and whatsoever, of thy estate; and that the world may
not overtake thee, pray to God so to bless thee; that his grace
may ever guide thee, and then have thine eyes about thee, and
fear no hurt to come nere thee: but for that all nations are
not of one nature, nor all men of one mind, make use of thy
observation, according to the place of thy passage: above
grossness and niceness, lest the one may prove as disres-
pects, as the other will castings: stop not thyself with sciences,
and purchase no more: take heed of subtle wits, and smooth
tongues: for they are the closest pick-pockets in a Common-
wealth: take heed of dead bones in visible fingers, and have
no more: they will catch you, lest when you looke
for your stake, you find a bare board: set with the best spirits,
graciously the better crosses; and love the best people: let God
be ever before thee, and his blessing be ever with thee:
God, ready in any kindness, to performe any thing that
may give thee pleasure, to the uttermost of my power, I
rest.

Thy most loving Father,

D. T.

The Letter Written

to my good father, touching your Compendium, for my carriage through all courses, how kindly I take it, you shall know when I am able to requite it: in the meane time, I will make it of use to my selfe, that in much thankfulness I shall make use of your kindnesse, for I finde it like Ramus his abridgement of Aristotles Logicke, where in a little roome a man may runne over a world: it is a little, but yet full of sweete flowers, and in the end I finde such comfort, that I will like Simplicius, have it ever fresh in my memory: while I live, I will keepe it as the Apple of Sion, and if I live to see a Sonne, I will learne it him as a good Legacy: for my selfe, I take from it a portion of much love, which while I live I hope not to part with: in briefe, not to use ceremonious complements with so to satisfie an understanding, in the thankfull heart of an honest minde, till I see you, and adieu, I rest,

Your most loving Sonne,
A Letter of counsell not to be
prease.

Gentle Cousen, I feare you are more full of conscience than wit: for if you follow your precise course, you will prove either a Silke Ass, or a holy Begger: for let me tell you, while we are in the world, we must use the world, and neither to wish to be out of it, nor to be idle in it: bea not of the Familie of Love, without a working Faith, least while you looke up to Heaven, you be shut out of Gods house: to bee religious I allow you, and commend you to bee zealous, but in the musick of the soule, bee not a Note above Elias, lest you be quite out of tune: and when your braine swims in humours, you be drowned in the depth of errors. Were you a Churchman, the commoditie of your Altar might give you leisure to contemplate: but being in another Predicament, you

The Letter Written

you must take about you in another nature: in bytselfe: Gods
 providence must bee no excuse for slothfullnes: you are comman-
 ded five daies to labour, not onely with the hande, but all the
 members: heare then the Word of God, and doe thereafter:
 take heed of Hypocrisie, it is the high-way to hell: from which
 God keepe you, and lead you in the way of Truth, that in the
 patience of your paines, you may see the fruites of your la-
 bours: in which you shall best please God, profit your selfe,
 and bee no charge to your friends: So in my prayers for you,
 hoping to heare well of you, to the tuition of the Almighty I
 leave you.

Your loving Cosen,
 Answer

My good Cosen, I feare you have more wit than con-
 science, to lodge more into the world, than your con-
 science would have you. I have all Gods Beggers doo in
 hart and thing that they have received, and better I hold
 it to bee a sillie Ass, than a subtill Fox, and a holy Begger, than
 a hellick Tyer. You wish me religious and commend my zeale,
 and yet while I am in the world, I must bee a worldling:
 how agreeth this together? wee cannot serve God and Mam-
 mon: Mark the world of businesse, but one thing is necessa-
 rie, and Mary those the good part: I confesse, want may bee
 grievous, and povertie disgracious in the world, but the co-
 vetous, G D D hateth: though I be a Chaplain, shall I not
 bee of the Church? and in Gods house I hope wee love all
 one another: so for the wooke of Faith, can the Spirit
 bee better exercised, than in hearing of the Word of G D D
 and when meditation helpeth memory, may not confes-
 sation bee very profitable? God Cosen, seeke not your selfe in
 misdoing, but in doinge as you are, as I am from
 Hypocrisie, and to your blame (whome in the delight of
 Truth) you will never bringe in the depth of Error: To
 conclude, have a charitable opinion of my disposition, and I
 will pray for your perfection: so hoping on Gods providence,
 that

The Letter Writer.

that I shall be no charge to your purse : with his post so there a
fight , that you may have a most happy feeling : In the true love
of a life time , I rest .

A Letter from a Knight of great place , to a Gentleman making
with him a journey .

Honour thy father, & mother, is come to the place that I have taken upon me, I have many occasions of employments of many servants, among whom I want one of that sufficiency that I know to be in thy selfe, whom I would willingly preferre to a place of good profit: & so knowing thine insight into the world, how to manage businesses in their best patures, thou shouldst ease me of much trouble, and be a meane of thyne owne good. Struanesse of riches may bee hurtfull in curiousnesse, and carelesse, with sufficiency make a great good of selfe. In by late, I know you can understand me, and therefore if you bee not otherwise bestowed, let mee know by your answer, how you like of my offer: which howsoever shall use to like me, because I know you love me: So wishing you what you wish your selfe, till I heare from you. I rest,

Your affectionate friend,

M. I.

His Answer.

Worthy Knight, I reioyce in your advancement, and am assured you cannot want fit servants for your employment, more worthy than my selfe of your preferment: but in my humble tosse give mee leave to tell you the truth of my opinion: that there is nothing puts more home to the heart of an honest minde, than to runne any course that may give a wound to the Conscience: which while it will excuse, will some dayes open, when if the soule finde grace in Repentance of sinne, the heart cannot but bleed in the

The Letter Writer.

the sorrow of iniquitie : but God is all-sufficient in all things :
and therefore knowing your vertuous disposition, to his
gracious protection leaving your most happie preservation,
in prayer for the same, with the encrease of all comfort, in
the bounden dutie of my loves service, I humbly take my
leave.

Your servant assured in what
I reflect in my power,
J. S.

A Letter to a Knight for the entertainment of a
Seward into his service.

Worthy Knight, at my last being with you, you spake
unto me to doe my best in helping you to a Seward,
that you might employ for your Steward : Now if it please
you at my hands to accept the bearer hereof, believe it, you
shall finde his sufficiency so fitting your content, that I dare
undertake you shall not neede to seeke any further : I have
knowne him long, and such every way is his disposition, as
may deserve good regard in a very good understanding : hee is
honest, and wise, and able to liue of his owne, yet in honour of
your worthinesse, desirous to follow your labour : for his
Truth you shall not doubt it, and for his behabfour, I know
you will like it : for his wages, I will leave it to your wisdome
in his desert : so with his dutie commending my service, to the
command of your kinde love, till I see you, and allwaies, I
rest,

Your very loving Kinsman,

T. R.

A thankesfull Letter upon the tryall of his

Seward.

Most god Cosen, among many courtesies, I thank you
most kindly for my man, who in my great content
bath answered the Contents of your Letter, for such bath
bene his carriage as bath gotten good will, not onely of

all

The Letter Writer.

all my house, but of such of my friends, as have occasion to know his service: lest vice, and more matter worthy love, have I not scene in a man of his sort: yea such hath bene his desert of my love, as, except for his better preferment, I will not part with him in haste: for in earliness, in many true rules of Civility hee may bee an example to good iudgements: in briefe, as I never found you to faile in any kinde care of my good, so in this I have great cause to thanke you: and wherein it may lie in my power to requite you, be assured you shall know I love you: in which, I rest assuredly.

Your most affectionate
Kinsman and friend.

A Letter of counsell from a Brother to his

Sister upon her going from the country
to the Court.

W^{ell} loved Sister, I heare thou art going from home to a high place: from the Countrey to the Court, beleeve it thou wilt finde it a place of danger, for the preferment of my best comfort: for there is honour both to be got and lost: but for a caveat in thy carriage, reade what I have here wrote written unto thee, and lay it up in thy memory, it will doe thy understanding no hurt. Take heed of the getting of Huske Cats, for they watch but for a Mouse, and when they have their prey they are all gone away: Let not the fading glosse of gay clothes dazzle the eyes of thy spirit, nor faire tongues rob thee of thy name: for a good name is not like a garment; for if it once be broken, it will never be set together againe: there are many hands that will bee plucking of flowers, whose hearts never care how the stalkes grow, or wither: but if thou wilt be your owne friend, let no man take the fruit out of the Tree: beleeve no idle bowes, nor vaine professions, for many times the tongue and the heart are farre asunder: when the best words have not the best meanings: for let

ambf.

The Letter Writer.

ambition bewitch thee, for the same is all one with the Boy
or his Lackey: the Ice once crackt will crack more, and what
is the face that hath lost the beauty of the minde? Sweete Sister,
I waite not this, that I feare thy Imperfection, but to fore-
warne thee from evill: And what good is to be gotten, seek it
by that vertue that may keepe thy colour without staine, when
a spalden blush is the beauty of modesty: serve God, and hee
will blesse thee: to pray to him, and he will defend thee: love
him, and he will keepe thee, that no hurt shall come neare thee,
be constant in thy Religion, loyall in thy allegiance, courte-
ous in thy behaviour, and vertuous in thy lobs, so no doubt
but the Court will grace thee, and the King of Kings will so
advance thee, that though she bee no Lady on earth, thou shalt
bee an Angell in heauen: To which happiness in prayer for
thee, to his tuition I leave thee. Thy most loving Brother,

D. H.

Her Answer

Most loving Brother, I most kindly take your most
loving Letter, which I will lay up for your sake, and
mine, along good, not in my pocket nor my Cabinet, but in the
inward Chest of my heart: and will daily read it, as the
rules of true wisdomes direction: but to bid a little merrie
with the answer of your Figures, let Quicke Cases
speak where they will, I hope to see no venion for Wer-
mino, and for the Garden of my labour there shall no hand
plucke a flower, except hee take the roote and strike to his
keeping: For the glasse of gay coates, they may bewitch
Babes eyes, but the eye of vertue lookes after no vanity,
and for false hearts and faire tongues, they are easily discor-
ned, they goe so commonly together: betwixt pride and base-
nesse there is a carriage of civility, which I hope to hit on
without a touch of dishonour, so leaving Lords to their La-
dies, and their Lackeyes to lower Creatures, beseeching the
Almighty to blesse mee heere with his Grace, and here-

The Letter Writer.

after in Heaven to make mee the least of his hand, made rather than the greatest Princess on the Earth, with all the pleasure of the world: so with prayer hoping you will say Amen: in much thankfulness: for the care of your kinnesse: I rest, with all an holy love and love: Your most loving Sister,

E. B.
A kind Letter to a Scholler going from the University to a Benefice in a Cite.

Cod Cojen, I understand by your Father, that you are determined to leave the University: but yet with all that you have bent your minde only to the studie of Divine understanding, and leaving the world, betake your selfe wholly to the Church, and in the Ministerie of the Word to doe good unto Gods people: I commend your determination, but wish you, if I might advise you, to spend some few moze yeares in the University: for your further hearing and reading, for your better confirmation of your resolution: not that I feare the blessing of your Spirit, but that it is a time of great charge, care, and labour: Charge in regard of the Talent, being out of the Treasures of Heaven, the riches of the Soule, then for care in the toledome of the rule of the same, to whom, at what time most fitting for his Glorie that have it, and their good, that shall receive it: and for labour that you be not found idle, when you shall be called to account to give up a reckoning of your Stewardship: yet let me not dissuade you from a good worke in respect of your young yeeres: for John was the youngest of the Evangelists, and Timothy was young in the Church of God: and therefore, feare not his gracious blessing to the proceedings: in hope whereof, and prayer for which, I rest,

Your most loving Uncle,
T. M.
A Letter

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A Letter to a Worthe Knight beyond the Seas.

Worthe Knight, I know you expect by this bearer to heare from me: to write you newes into a foraine nation, I know not how my Letters may bee intercepted: and then if I should write any thing either false, or unliking, my hand would witnesse against my will: and yet let me say thus much of my obseruation of the world, that in these latter times I finde nature in so strange a course, almost in the carriage of a world of Creatures, that had not the Creator of the Earth a hand of mercie over it, surely the finnes of the Creatures would call for a new deluge: but what shall I say; my selfe being as a Cipher amongst figures, or a shadow amongst men, to see the world at such a passe, as that I hold him happy that is well out of it: but the best is, when Night is past, the maskers will bee gonne, and when the Sunne sends forth his beames, the Owle will not dare to looke abroad: not to trouble you too long with little better then trifles, give me leave onely to Love you, and to wish I were with you. which if you refusee bee not the woner, may happe to bee ere you bee a war; till when, in the service of my hearts love, I rest.

Yours assured at command;
 His Answer.

You dare not write unto me in these parts, for feare of her of your stone in making in your writing, or misfortune in the deliverye of your Letters: but happe what will, I have written to you of the decurrents of this time; where betwixt the spascalline and faineine Gender, a Continuation copulacive is of such a force as prais doth all the speeches of the world, yea there is such clattering among these Wives, as if every day were Saint Valentines: and touching the subject

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of the world, it runs such a whirlegigge, that if nature merd not her course, they will be quite out of credit; in the Courts such enby betwixt Mars and Apollo, that a long sometime puts a service out of countenance: in the City such a zealousie betwixt Vulcan and Venus, that Mercury hath much to doe to save Cupids bow and arrowes: in these all the powers of hel are so busy in the world, that if God did not blasse his servants, the diuell would have a shrewd day: but he that is gracious hath not to doe with the vicious; and he that trusteth in God hath no feare of the diuell: to be blasse, if thy leasure will for he thee, make a Supper over to mee, thou shalt make thing of my welcome, and thy charge shall be nothing: so long as I see thee, till I heare from thee, and alwaies I rest,

Thine, or not mine owne.

R. D.

A Letter of Counsell to a friend going to travaille.

God Cosen, I understand thou art determined to Travaille; let mee intreat thee to take heede to thy way: for mountaines are laboursome to cline, and a halley may be of a deadly length, woods may be full of wilde beas, and the high wates have unhappy holes: the Rivers may have swift streames, the Seas are full of Rocks and Wands, and the best shippe may have a leake: learne therefore thy compass befoze thou runne thy course, least if thou light among the Sirens, thou be joyned ere thou knowe: Fortune helpeth the bold, but seldom to a blessed end; and what a moe is it to wit, when had I wit, sees the wheele, that threwe him headlong from his happynesse: I speake not this to dissuade thee, for adventures are honourable, so the cause bee according, but if imagination bee deceived, hold in discretion impaired: I would not yet like a snaille have thee like alway in a shell, but know the way and then take thy walke: betwixt Scilla and Charibdis the Channell is narrow, and he that lookes not with both

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his eyes: may bee deceived on one row: but what euer thou doest, doe all to Gods glory: love him above all, and care nothing at all: but from him onely, have all that is necessary in all: so loath to make a long booke of a few lines: by thy instructions, let this suffice that I have written: be wary in thy passage, and passe not wisdom in those limits: when thou beginnest to leave, in all the letters of the row the Holy Ghost doe thy speed: a little token of my love I send thee, and so with my prayers for thee, to the Lord of heaven I leave thee.

Your most loving Kinsman.

H.N.

His Answer.

GOD Tolen your kinde Letter I take most kindly, and let mee tell you what answer I make to your admonition: no man knowes his way till hee have learned it, and he that best knowes his compasse may yet refuse his course: when indurance fornes may winke the best shippe: adventures and labours are the passages of many rivers, and mountaines and valleys are the valleys of the way, so that it dooeth to his sake we need not feare a hole in the way, and hee that wandereth a beast is not fully a man: for the Riders, strong Dares will goe against swift streames, and a running plow will keepe the Channell, where the passage is narrow, there is the neede of heed, and if the shippe bee right, there is the lesse feare of sailing. For the fonges of Ditties, they are the Nations of the Ports, but the figures are good warnings to beware the mischiefes of wantonnesse: hee that will winke when hee should see, may blame himselfe for his blindness, and yet the clearest eye may bee deceived in a colour: imagination must breed hope, before happinesse be attempted and where the intent is vertuous, the voyage is like to be gracious: all is in the will of GOD, upon the handes of whose mercy, building the hope

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of my comfort, assuring my selfe of your prayers for the prosperitie of me traualles till my returne, and alwaies, I rest, Good

Your most loving Cosen,

A Letter written to a Nobleman by a Gentleman in distresse.
Right Honourable,

When Lords begge of Kings, I hold it the lesse basenesse to beg of Noblenesse: and though this booke beging be a disgrace to learning, yet since *Paupertas non est vitium*, and *Honus alit artes*, I hope your honour will rather relieve affliction then rebuke presumption: in the few lines that I heere humbly present your honourable patience, I have written that my heart is burst, and yet to set it together againe, what I cannot doe, if I should die in not doing of it: Wouchsafe my good Lord to read them, and me in them: and with a few of your golden Angels, deliuer mee from a world of incarnate Devils: which with siluer daggers seeke to stabbe the heart of my libertie: which being a great part of my life, doe a Noble need to save it: God himselfe will requite you, and I shall be bound to pray for you, that all the good that the Heavens will, and the world can geve, may befall you: So having long knowne and ever loved your Honour, beseeching the Almighty to blesse the same, with increase of advancements, in the worthinesse of true Noblenesse, at the seate of your labour, laying downe the service of my hearts love, craving pardon for my presumption, I humbly rest, during life,

Your Honours

in all humble devoted,

and bounden duty and service,

W. R.

A plea.

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A pleasant conceited Letter to a Friend
in the Country.

You write unto mee for helmes, and me thinks it is
helmes you write unto mee: For not having heard from
you thus long, I wonder I have heard from you at last: And
yet though I am merris with your silence, your Letter is wel-
come: for I rather feared your health than your unkindnesse:
but to answer your expectation, let me tell you, that the occur-
rents of this time are such as are either false; and then unfit to
write: or true; not worth the writing: onely this I dare
tell you, that rich men play with the world; and make a kinde
of Paradise upon earth, while the portion of the poore is most
held in patience: For my selfe, I am as poor as mee, neither
beholding to friends; nor carefull of enemies: and for the
world, I am so farre in love with it, that I could wish I were
well out of it; and for your selfe, I wish rather your continu-
ance of your home loving friends, than to hunt beere after (for)
time a day after the faire: So conclude, if I come neere you, I
will see you; whether you are or I will love, and so to the
Lord I leave you. Yours what mine owne,

N.B. The Answer is to be written to the
Friend who wrote the Letter.

A longge of the world, is the worst art never out of the
humour: I am glad to hear from thee, not of the dis-
contents, but to see how thou settest them downe, which in a
manner is as musicks; when I am sometime melancholy
disposed: but for the rich, let them be proud and eny of their time;
for the poore may happen meete with them at their graves.
and proove better men in another world: For thy selfe, I hold
thy happynesse greater in thy Contemplation, than many
miser in their large possessions: And in hyese when thou
are weary of the world, come to mee, and let us talke of that

which

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which all the world shall not heare of: so longing for thee, till
I see thee, or heare from thee, I rest,

Thine or not mine owne,
B. S.

A kinde Letter to a friend in the Countrey,

Kinde Anthony, I am sure thou dost not marbell a little
of my long silence: I could make sufficient excuse, were
it not too tedious to write. But let this suffice, that a trou-
bled minde is not alwaies in temper: and the world is at
such a passe, that the wisse are amazed at it: and for my selfe,
such I doe finde it, that as I cannot get out of it, and so I scarce
know what to doe in it: for wisseome to watch, whether
her woorkes bee like her faith, and sollicitie in much labour, be-
cause the please the common people: so that I thinke I must
turne soles: if I will leaue on fat meate: and yet it agreeth so
ill with the nature of my spirit, that I had rather live as a Cha-
rbon among men: than be the substance of a monie. O my
good Anthony, haile happy life: you know that my deare
the Birds sing in your Woods; see your Cows suckle your
Lambes in your fields: catch a fish with a worme, a Cony
with a stick, and a Hare with your Gyphon, and by the
way as you come home, contemplate more comfort than the
earth can give you: for hee that hath heart to lift up his eyes,
will bee of Senecaes opinion, that the minde of that man is
brought into a straight, that can be contented with earth: and
he that were in his right wits, would hold it the greatest mi-
serie in mans life to desire to live, though in misery: and for
mine owne part, I will not care to live, but to live
that I may not love it: and I will neither hasten my death,
nor prolong my life in this way, but attend his pleasure that
will call me out of it, and the little time that I have in it, I
would I could spend it in thy presence: not to cause any charge,
nor to charge thee, but that in true worth, I know not a more
worthy friend: and thus till I see thee, which shall as soon
as

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as I can conveniently, in the affection of an honest heart,
I rest.

Thine or not mine owne,
R. B.

His Answer.

Honest Robin, thy silence was not so discontentive, as
thy letter was comfortable, for thou writest not like the
world, bare words for matter, but alwaies like thy selfe, the
fruits of true iudgement: thou sayest well of the world, that
it is at a strange passe, when let the wisest head have the most
honest hearts, yet will the eyes of wickedness be prying into
their proceedings, while tales craft is soone seene, when they
most seeke to deceive themselves: but let the fat Bulles of
Babylon, feede with Dives in his delicates, poyze Lazarus will
have a time to bee farre merrier than meate can make them:
Oh Robin the monsters of this age see not their owne defor-
mities, and better be a shadow among men, then so unmanly
a substance: while blessed be the spirit, that hates the course
of intigatille: for my happinesse, I confesse it is more than I
am worthy of: but most in contemplation above possession,
when the spirit above nature, sees Grace above Reason,
shewing it a better world than this where it liues: yet while
in this little time we passe the pilgrimage of a few dayes,
more pleasure is in the least creature of life, than the fairest dead
Jool: si I catch a Trout with a Flie, and a Nightingale
with a woyme, the one serbes me in my dish, the other sings
in my Chamber, and are not these comforts more contentive,
than to hang on friends, and hope of so tunes, while the wits
are dead wearte, ere traibaille finde comfort: well be the world
what it will, come thou to mee when thou wilt: and command
what thou wilt for though I say it, beleeeve it thou hadst not a
more loving friend, that will approue it: so longing to see
thee, that I may have my fill of discourse with thee, with
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all the happiness a heart can wish thee; to the Lord of heauen
I leaue thee; and so rest.

Thine what mine owne,

W. R.

A melancholy discontentive Letter, upon a frowne of
a Kinsman.

Cozen, upon your last lookes, I lookt a little into my selfe,
where I finde it too true, that he that is cursed in the erg-
ble, can hardly be blessed in the swadole; and yet God is too
strong for the diuell, while Fortune is but the fiction of talen;
Patience goes against the beere with Patience, but yet where
Grace guides the Spirit, the way is not hard to Heauen: the
foze-horse goes straight, because hee sees on either side, and the
wild geese make more haste than good speed: I know
there is a difference betwixt running and crawling: and yet
who is surest to be taken a fall: excuses are more ready
than assaults, and yet the wildest may be overtaken ere he be
aware: In summe, he that cannot be himselfe, must be subiect
to others censures, and therefore to conclude with my crosse,
this shall be onely my comfort, that hee that is at warres with
the world, shall have peace in Heauen: to which joy after sor-
row God send me, and all his seruants, among whom hoping
to finde your name in the booke of life, in more love than I
found in your bookes, I rest.

Your loving Kinsman,

R. S.

His Answer.

God Cozen doe not wrong affection with a false tea-
rouse: Patience is ever her selfe, and I will bee no
changeling: what my lookes were I know not, but what my
love is you may know: Curses and Crookes differ much in
construction, and punishments for sinne are no plagues unto
Patience: God is ever good, and will helpe his seruants while
the

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the fictions of fortune: are but the fruits of idleness: & hee that builds his hope in heaven: may the better carry his crosses in the world, which bred in the Cradle, will be blessed in the Saddle: And therefore my good Cousen, not a little rejoycing in the resolution of your disposition, command my love, though I cannot command my looks: and wherein I am my selfe, feare me not to be yours: for povertie is no vice, where vertue deserues honour: and so wishing thee much good, and ready to do thee any good, in the best nature of good will, I rest.

Your very loving Kinsman
T. R.

A discontentive Letter of a Lover.

When you were faire I loved you, for then you were not painted: and when you were wise I honoured you, for then you were not inconstant: but when Art married Nature, and varietie shewed but vanitie, I was agreeded at my folly to have grounded my affection on so little Grace: yet when I see all these birds have left there, I must let them take their flight: but yet rather heare them in the woods, than see them in Cages: yet will I not shut them out at my windowes, no; hurt them if they come into my house, but regard them in their Pastures: and so hoping that you understand the figure in the honour of your best substance, I rest.

Yours, more than you are your selfe,
S. T.

The Answer

When you were wisse I did esteeme you, for then you were not humorous: & when you were faithfull, I did love you, for then you were not jealous: but since imagination made discretion, & jealousie over-topped to be, I will quit you with your own care: I am so in my affection to be so mistaken in a friend: but since beasts are most of a haire, though not all of a hew, I will rather, looke on them in a field, than lead them in my hands: and

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yet will I not hunt them from my ground, nor drive them from
their field: and so hoping that your skill in Arithmetticke will
discerne a Figure from a Cipher, I rest.

Yours so farre as I may be mine owne,
A comfortable Letter to a Kinsman upon the buriall
of a young Sonne.

Sweete Cozen, I know you are both religious and lear-
ned, and therefore hope I shall need the lesse reasons to per-
swade you to that patience that may best make proofof your
disposition: I am sorry for your sorrow, and not your losse of
your deare and worthy beloved little Sonne: For know this,
he was but lent you, till hee that hath him would send for him:
yea, your selfe are not your owne, but onely his that lets you
have heere a being, till he will have you bee in a better place:
Good Cozen, I know Nature is of great force, yet where
Grace governes Reason, all is referred to the Will of God. I
am assured that you pray daily that his Will may be done, and
will you grieve that his Will is done? Farre bee it from you:
you know it is written, and I am assured you beleve it, that
whosoever loveth Father or Mother, or Wife, or Child more
than God, is not worthy of his love: Take heede therefore not
to offend the Creator, with too much loving his Creature:
and loose not your selfe, in loosing his love, that you have for
his love that you cannot have: hee is among the Angels, and
would you have him among men? Yea, hee is with God him-
selfe, and are not you glad that he is with him? Furthermore,
if you were alone in your griefe, you were the more to bee la-
mented; but when thousands are in your predicament, let not
passion exceed Reason, but humble your will to the Will of
God, to whose heavenly protection leaving your most happy
preservation, I rest.

Your most loving Kinsman,
H. B.

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The Answer.

My good Cosen, I thanke you for your kinde Letter, in which I have receiued no small comfort: but let me tell you, that a collop cut out of the flesh puts neere home to the heart, and therefore so farre as a man may not offend God, giue me leaue to be my selfe: but yet I beseech him of his merite, I may not passe the limits of his love. I read that Iacob sorrowed for the onely imagined death of Joseph, and shall not I grieve to see my boy in his grave: and yet this is my comfort, his peeres were too young to commit any actiuall sinne, and in the election of love I am assured hee was a Lambe of the Worde sheepe: it is written, that God would haue young Lambes for his Sacrifice, and my boy could not bee too good for his Altar: so, let not my soule lye, but in the seruice of his love: though I looe him on earth, yet would I not wish him from Heauen: for there is no Iewell so safely kept, as that which is layd up in the Lords Treasure: I haue read it, that sorrow may tarry for a night, but joy commeth in the morning: then if the night bee long, there is a time of mourning till morning, and therefore blame not patience in being her selfe, though the power of Grace shall wooke in her patience. In summe, I hope so to manage my affection, as shall not impeach my discretion, nor lose his love that is the top of my life: to whose gracious blessing leaueing our eternall comfort, in prayer for that patience that may quiett our sitting passion: in much thankfulness for your carefull kinnesse: willing with conueniencie to see you, and often to heare from you: in more affection than protestation, I rest.

Your very loving Cosen,

A Letter to an Hypocrite upon betraying some secrets
of a friend.

To denie a Friend may bee a touch of unkindnesse, to de-
ceiue a Friend, a prooue of ill nature: but to betray a
Friend,

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Friend too plaine a villanie: Cheaters are set downe in the orders of evill persons: Pandars are base Rascalls, and the scum of the earth: but Traitors are most hateful villaines of the world. Among the twelve Apostles there was but one Judas, and wilt thou leave the Saints to follow one devill? If thou wilt runne his course, thou must runne to his confusion: Wilt thou mistake God for gold, and sell thy soule for a little silver? What will be thy end? Shame on earth, and sorrow endlesse: What shall I say to thee: but thinke what will become of thee, being a horrible Hypocrite, take thy position among them: Heaven will abhorre thee, and while the world hates thee, hell stands gaping for thee: but God in his mercie, if it be his holy will, forgive thee: and so never meaning more to looke on thee, but to give all my friends warning of thee, to the will of the Almighty I leave thee.

Thy never more friend,
J. S.

His Answer.

A s unwilling offence may be my excuse acceptable, what I spoke of a sodaine, I repented at leisure: for heales be it, no gaine could have made mee so ungracious: but yet the occasion of your discomfort cannot but grieve mee in unhappiness, though farre be it from my thought to doe so wilfull a wickednesse: bee not therefore so bitter in your invective against my basenesse: For if I were of Judas his nature, I wish no other than his end: place me not therefore among Hypocrites, for I hate them in my heart, and desire not to live to deserve that imputation: bee you assured my grieve is greater for you than I will shew, till in the fruite of my labour, I may make proove of my Love, wherein I will not cease till I have effected something to some ill in your good, in which you shall see how farre it is from mee to bee so dishonest as I was unhappy, and how farre my evill happe was from the nature of me still in kinde: and so intreating your patience, to suspend your judgement, I hope ere it be long to have you write in another

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other humour: till when beseeching the Almighty to bless you with health, and my heart with happinesse, to bee a meane of your comfort: till then, and alwaies I rest: howsoever you esteeme me, in the affection of an honest heart,

Your most faithfull Friend,

E. B.

A Letter of advice to a friend that was to be married.

Friend William, I heere that you are shortly to take a wife, or rather to bee taken of a wife: and that for a little times pleasure you will sell your liues libertie: but if the matter be not soe soon gone with you, let mee tell you a little of my minde, to make mee looke about you: for touching your choise, note what I say unto you: if your wife be too young, she knows not how to make her readie: and if too old, she must haue one to helpe her out of her bed: if she be faire, she will geue you cause of jealousy: if foule, shee will bee a noyance to thee: if full of talke, shee will bee troublesome: if sullen, shee will bee irkesome: if of honourable Parents, you must make court sic to all her kindred: if base, you must provide for a generation: if rich, shee will bee proud of her position, and be kept accordingly: if poore, still calling for necessities, and sometime more than needs: if wise, shee will thinke to governe thee: if foolish, shee will disgrace thee: if barren, shee will be uncomfortable: if full of children, shee will bee chargeable: if you trust her not with all you haue, shee will grow suspicious of your love to her: if you trust her with all you haue, shee will make you a servant to her: if shee neuer loves any, shee will not know how to love you: and if shee haue loved other, shee will not leaue all for one: further more, if a man buy a house, or land, he will surbey it ere he purchase it: and if hee do not like it when he hath it, he may finde meanes to part with it: but for a wife, he must take her at all adventures, and once had, during life must neuer part with her, and therefore, if thou canst finde a woman neither young nor old, wise nor foolish, rich nor poore, kinde nor froward, honourable nor base, talk.

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saithatve noz fallen; let mee see her, that I may commend the
choise in her; but till then make stay of the Wells, they may
not ring to the Wyndfall: but if thy affection be settled, and not
to be removed, then in Gods name goe on with Gods blessing.
So till I heare from thee how the world goes with thee, wish-
ing thee either a good wife or none: in my prayers for thy pro-
sperity, I rest.

Thine what his owne.

B. T.

His Answer.

FRIEND Samuel, your cauteats to my marriage I have
lookt over verie carefully, and am sozry to see your counsele so
farre short of such comfort: for in the election of Grace, it is an
holp ordinance of God, for the good of his people: and in the
world what companion can equall a kind wife? If I were as
nice in my choise, as you are in your notes, I might have a
long dreame, and awake finde nothing: but come to your selfe,
when you dye, what illue will you leave of your laboe? And if
you like he is ungobly is your counsele, for my selfe I am ful-
ly resolved rather to adventure the hope of vertue, than to run
a balner course, and to nourish mine owne family, than to feed
an other mans frencher: in by selfe, when the Wells ring, you
shall know what businesse is at Church: and if you come to
my house, you shall be heartily welcome: till when, wishing
you as to my selfe, I rest,

Your very loving friend.

R. T.

A Letter of unkindnesse to a Kinsman upon a report of his abuse.

WHEN, I am sozry to heare that I doe of you: how you
have used me you know, how I can digest it you know
not, I would willingly forget unkindnesse, but being patience
nourish your presumption, who deserveth to be blamed if

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one follie beget another : You are my neare Kinsman, I would you were not so farre from me in kindnesse, but I feare the Wordes pꝛooves too true in you, to use me more like a kinsman than a friend : but I can bee angrie and not sinne, or rather bee sorry and not angry : for if you will come to me, and acknowledge your fault, I make it a warning to your further edification : the evill past shall not be remembered, and the good to come not disregarded : and so wishing to see you, and the sooner the better, till then I rest,

Your loving Cozen,

D. H.

This Answer,

My good Cozen, were I not as nere unto you in love as nature, I should reverence your yeares, but scarce have patience with your humour, and indeede, I should take your unkind Letter as it is written : upon a false supposition to touch me with an ill condition to wrong him at all, whom I love so much, me thinkes goes much against the Note of good nature : for let me tell you, I never used you ill, nor will use you but well, and if this may have otherwise reported, upon his face, who soever except your selfe, I will appeare it : I thinke no man so dishonest as to defile it, but if it be a woman though her wickednesse shew her weaknesse, yet I will her tongue had not such strength with your eares, as to put such an imagination into your heart, to be so needlesse a trouble to your minde : to see you I feare not, and the sooner for mine owne satisfaction, that where the fault is found it may be confessed : And so leaving to your discretion to consider of my desert : in irretrievable affection, I rest, till I see you, and allwaies,

Your assured loving Kinsman.

T. W.

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A Letter of kindnesse from a Gentleman to his Love,
from beyond Seas.

Sweete Love, how I griebe for thine absence, thy presence
when I see thee, shall make: the Seas may separate
bodies, but not mindes; and there is no passion in the world
that can alter the nature of Love: Distrust not therefore my
travell, for my affection is fixed; and suspect not mine infirmitie,
for my love is ever beside me: if my businesse were over, it
should not be long ere I would bee with thee: and bee perswa-
ded, so soone as I can, I will see thee, in the meane time, by this
Bearer, a token of my love I have sent thee, by whom I make
no doubt, to heare happily from thee: so praying for thy health,
and our joyfull meetings, till then, and ever,

Thine, or not his owne,

R. B.

Her Answer.

Sweete heart, I have received thy Letter lovingly, thy love
kindly, and thy token thankfully: beleeve it, if it might
be no trouble to thee, the Seas should not keepe me from thee:
for, wheresoever I am, my heart is with thee: of thy love I
am not jealous, though I would bee joyfull of thy company:
for me thinkes I live, as a kind of dead boop without thee.
By this Bearer I returne thee a requitall of thy kindnesse,
and with my selfe had as swift a passage to thy love: in
hiesse, not knowing the frontle of thy businesse, I will onely
pray for thy health, till our meeting make our happiness: and
so rest full of unrest, till I may rest during life, in most faith-
full love,

Thine what mine owne,

S. P.

A most

The Letter Writer.

A most kind Letter from a Lady to her Servant
of good worth.

My second selfe, whom if I could, I should love moze than my selfe, knowing thy Affection, and being assured of thy Faith, I wonder at nothing moze, than at what keeps thee from me; I expected thee long since, and have now sent to thee on purpose, to know how thou doest, and why I doe not see thee: thou knowest my Estate, yet am I poore without thee: for under heaven, I have no life but in thy love: to which I heartily commend the hope of my woordes comfort: let therefore, all excuses laid aside, thy presence hasten my happinesse, and send me word by this bearer, when I shall expect thee without fail: till when, holding every houre an peece, my minde being desirous to bee disburthened of some matter that I will not commit to Paper: in hope of thy health, and prayer for thy happinesse till I see thee, and ever, I rest,
Thy loving Mistresse, and most assured

Friend,
M. W.

His Answer.

My more than my selfe, most worthy beloved and honoured Mistress, I am sorry for nothing but that you should be sorry for any thing: and especially, that in mee should rest the occasion of your discontent; but such have been my business: as have to cross me in my coming, as when I have had my foot in the stirrop, have brought mee backe from my horse: but the hente is well over which hath troubled my minde, that though I have no disease, yet am I so much distressed, that finding my heart wistler over with the Letter, and feeling small comfort in the Towell, I have onely wished for my health, to bee with the blessed Mollable M. Your Estate is your selfe; upon whom under Heaven, is the Ray of my

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my happ inesse : shortly I intend to see you , and if your messenger make not the more haste , to bee with you before him, till when, and during life, I rest,

Your faithfull loving servant.

A kind Letter of a lover to his Beloved.

Sweetest heart, to expresse my affection, passe the power of words, let it suffice you that your eyes have taken such hold of my heart, as have carried it wholly into your hands : use it therefore with that kindnesse, that may make it ever ready at your command, so shall my hope, finde happinesse in your favour, and you shall not bee displeased in my unthankfulness : so soone as I can, and you will, I will see you, and till then, with ever to see you, that I may see my whole worlds content but in you : in hope whereof, and prayer for which, with all the good wishes that you can wish to be wished, I rest,

Yours devoted to be commanded.

Q. W.

Her Answer.

Sir, if Words and Deeds were all one, your Letter might bee effectuall in my love, but give me leave a little to pause upon persuasion, lest I wrong discretion in resolution of opinion : To denie your entertainment I should be loath, that I cause of employment, but if your heart be gone with your eyes, I praye you make no challenge of it at my hands : for I would not be taxed with the enjoying of an others right, but therefore your selfe, where assurance is better than hope, so finde the

sub.

The Letter Writer. 1

Substance of the best comfort, and give mee leave, upon the
Iudgement of desert to thinke of the vertue of desire : So in
the best nature of kindnesse, that may requite the best manner
of wishes, till I see you, and then, and alwaies, you shall find me,
as I finde cause,

Your well willer, and friend,

A Letter of some passionate humour to
friend.

MY good Cozen, I am assured you long to heare from me,
how the World goes with the people of this place: But
not to trouble you with long circumstance, let it suffice, that I
finde it so among men, that I wish rather not to be, than to be
as men are; and count it not your least happines to live so re-
mote from the multitude, that you may heare the Birds sing,
while I heare the Dogges howle. Some few there are that are
as Angels among men; But though God hath every where his
Church, yet there are many diabolish spirits in the Parish,
touching the occurrents of this time, they are either not cur-
rant in their Truth; or not worth the knowing in their true
Nature, and therefore I had rather be silent than troublesome:
for what is common I neede not write: and what is secret, I
dare not write: and therefore till I have true intelligence of
some better than trifles, I will onely commend my selfe to your
selfe, to whom, as to my selfe, I will rest during life, alwaies one
and that all:

Thy humble servant

Yours, or not at all mine owne.

Thy humble servant

The Letter Writer.

His Answer.

GOD COZEN, with no little content I receiued your Letter, wherein, wherefoeuer you are, I finde you alwayes your selfe, yet with your melancholy somewhat mitigated, in making too much huske to your earthly Tabernacle; for though Dogges howle, yet if they bite not, their hurt is little. and no doubt but you haue some singing Birds, though they bee shut up in Cages: I know you are wise enough to obserue the multitude, and to serue your turne of peculiar persons; and if of none, yet so to looke to your selfe, that had I will shall neede bying your wits no warming paine: for your occurrents, if they be counterfette, trouble not your eares with idle beating of the ayre; and if not of good worth, hold the knowledge in no esteeme. For mine owne part, your health is the most I desire of, and your company; that in my lobe I most thinke of: for Angels, except of the worst nature, I know few; and therefore hold that Church onely blessed, where God is truly serued; to be short, my selfe with my second selfe, commend our selues to your kindnesse, wishing hourly to see you, when not so soone, as welcome; till then, and then, and alwaies I rest,

Yours what mine owne,

D. I.

A Letter of a quarrell.

YOUR wayes are unsupportable, and your excuses un-
 auaileable, and therefore, oth not the Law forbode
 Combats, you should understand mee better by my
 sword than my word; but knowing your basenesse, I
 will leaue you to your like companie, forye to haue keene
 acquaint.

The Letter Writer.

acquainted with the condition of so much corruption, as will adventure my disgrace, to satisfie a vile humour; but, lest you should make a cold construction of my discontent, I will not threaten you with a Bravado, but with a Bastinado, means to baffle you; to which when time and place shall fitly serve, you shall finde mee, as you have made me; till you have better satisfied me for the iniurie you have done me,

Your avowed enemy,

His Answer.

Your flourish is but with a fesse, and therefore knowing your poyze heart, I am in no feare of your Armes; in your note of the Combat, you lay open your colours, and for time and place, it shall never finde mee unprovoked, to tell you, that you have wronged your selfe, more than you can doe mee with a false suggestion of a worse than idle Imagination: for your heate, it will bee quenched with the cold of a little temper, and if you carrie a Cudgell, take heede it bzeake not on your owne pate. In briefe, let mee advise you, not to purchase more enemies, than you have friends: for my selfe, I was never scared with noyses, nor feared with a franticks Letter, but will rest, upon indifferent termes,

Yours as you use me,

R. N.

The Letter Writer.

A Letter of a Lover upon some unkind-
nesse taken.

Faire Mistris if you make your Crosse hand, a knife to cut
hearts withall. I pray you whet it not too sharpe, lest it
goe too deepe at the first touch : The sweetnesse of your out-
side soys not with so soyle an inside, and therefore not to
bloe an evill spirit in an Angels shadow, force not your kinde
out of kinde, to be moze unkinde than you have iust cause,
and if it be not now, then the triall of pattice make it knowne
to mee by better comfourt then your hard countenance, to which
purpose hoping to heare from you, that to your best content I
may see you angry with my selfe, that I know not how to please
you: till I see you, I rest,

Yours as you will.

T. R.

Her Answer.

Sweet Sir, I would wish you to thinke that I was neither
Sbyed a Cutler to know the making of knives, nor a Butcher,
to be a cutter of hearts, and therefore your conceit being out of
the kinde of true discretion I with your wits in better temper,
than to wrong your selfe with an idle imagination : for if you
make a passion of a little pattice, it will give doubt of too great
a promise of a little affection : yet lest you should iustly touch mee
with an unjust imperfection, not to entertaine truth in an honou-
rable opinion, or to requite kindnes with a rabbed countenance,
be you what you will be, I will be even my selfe : and so sozry to
see you angry, with that I cannot helpe, leaving you to your
selfe, who know best how to proceed in your owne busines leaue
to hold you too long in suspence, and yet not forbidding you to
follow your best fortunes, I rest as I may,

Your well wishing friend,

M. N.

A love

The Letter Writer.

A Love Letter in a plaine straine.

Mistris, beleve it, I love you. In my love I will serbe you, in my service I will honour you, with my best thoughts I will follow you, and though I bee not with you, I will not be from you; in my prayers I remember you, and truly let me tell you, that such is my affection towards you, as can be answered with nothing but you: for, whosoever doth love you, it is that I must wed you; for I was borne but for you, and therefore must not be denied you; let it therefore not trouble you, that I am thus plaine with you, for I meane shortly to see you, and then, so to content you, that I hope never to leave you, and so wishing you to resolve you, that none but I shall possesse you, I rest onely to you.

To be commanded,
but by you,
H. R.

Her Answer.

Sir, if you will, you may beleve mee, that I thinke you doe not love mee, and they that honour mee, are too proud to serbe me: and therefore doe not perswade mee, that you can be from me, and with me, except you would mocke mee, with going beyond mee, but my reason will tell me, that your folly shall not over-reach me. Now for waiving of wedding of me, who hopeth most of mee, may happe to goe without me; but if in deede you doe love me, in this make it good unto mee, that you will never moze trouble mee: for whatsoever you thinke of me, make this account of me, to bee answered without me: and so hoping you will so regard mee, that though you cannot have me, you will not hate me, wishing you till you see me, never to trouble your thoughts with me I rest, as you use me.

Yours as you shall
finde me,
P. E.

The Letter Writer.

A Letter to a friend upon the delaying of a promise.

If promise be not a kind of kinde debt, I understand not the nature of a friend; and if performance be put off with delayes, there lacketh somewhat in the heart, that should be answerable to the tongue: for if your offers were onely floures, I am sorry, I have deceived the eyes of my opinion, yet shall my hopes aime at better happiness, than the lingring of love can warrantise; for till I know the cause of my crooke, I will not present my comfort with impatience, but leauing the effects of a good meaning, to the faith of a true friend, till I heare from you, and alwaies, I rest,

Yours assured what his owne,
M. D.

His Answer.

If zealous be tormented with love, there will bee some iarre in the speeche; when the doubt of faith gives mistrust of affection: I feare Concelle may bee stronger than Discretion, while Impatience may breed a passion, that may be an enemy to Reason, but a felled care is never without comfort; a so daime toyme may hinder a Traveller, and yet being resolved of his journey, hee will not bee afraide of soule weather: good mindees are the best debtors, and good wills the best paymasters: feare no Clouds while the Sunne shineth, if your eyes of love bee able to abide the light. In briefe, words shall bring forth their fruits in deeds, in which, shortly you shall finde me to your comfort,

Your assured friend,
R. B.

A Let-

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A Letter of scorne to an unquiet
woman.

Mistris, your treble stringed tongue, makes a harsh piece
of Musicke, and had you as many stoppes, as you make
frets, a dogge would lose his hearing ere hee would trouble his
eates with your noise. so; cursing, swearing, lying, and scold-
ing, are the soure parts of your service to the devill: He upon
plummes, when they fall ere they be ripe, they are scarce good
meat to feede a strab'd Dogge withall: I have seene a Woman
of an ill-favoured shape, but never so foule a mouth, except it
came directly from hell: to be plaine with you, in briefe, I
feare your breath is infectious, so; it is so bitter, that it can-
not be wholesome, and therefore never meaning more to come
heere you, no; after this time to write unto you, I leave if I
can, ever more to thinke of you, and so rest.

Yours as you see,

T. W.

Her Answer.

If your empty case shewes you had neede of a fiddle, while
your wit is out of time, fiddle straines beyond measure, so;
the service of the devill, dogged spirits are most fit, and if you
use to hearken to their howling, you shall doe well to acquaint
their Master with their Musicke: but so; the soure parts of
your blacke saunts, the grounds are too ungracious so; my lear-
ning: Now He upon Wyllers, when they gape afoze the
Wilde, they will scarcely bee worth the taking up from the
dunghill: I have seene a man that hath bene like a sole
in a play, but never a truer mad-cappe, except hee came
newly out of Bedlame: To bee as plaine as briefe with
you, how wholesome your breath is, I desire not to make
triall of, but how I esteeme of your Letter, you may see by

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mine answer, which shall be the last labour, I will spend on
to sole an humour, and so rest,

Yours as you mine,

E. T.

A Letter of Counsell to a friend going
to travaile.

I Heare that you are intended to sake your Fortunes in a
foreign soile, and in the adventures of Armes, to finde the
honour of Valour, I dissuade you from no good course, but
wish you prosperitie in all, and hope so well of your good minde,
that you will take nothing ill from a good meaning; nor thinke
idly of his advise, whose care will bee ever for your comfort;
I have seene much, and have noted more than a litle of the ne-
cessarie obserbations, of mine eye, and mine eare: And there-
fore let me intreate you to bee perswaded, to take no hurt in
my instructions: first, for the good of your soule in the rules of
religion, take heed of erronious opinton, and for the preserbat-
ion of your health, use a temper in your diet and exercise, and
howsoever your eyes be upon Earth, let your heart bee still to-
wards Heaven; know much, and speake little, yet bee not
tongue-tyed in god conference; have much, and spend little, yet
be not miserable beyond measure; for extremities are either
offensive, or disgustions; make not many questions for feare
of crosse answers, and beware scallings, for feare of quarrells,
learne languages but for knowledge, and when you have
knowne what you can, make use to your best comfort: Rebe-
rence Age, where you can finde Wisdome; and honour youth,
where you finde Vertue; sobet nothing unfastly, revenge no-
thing uncharitably, runne into no danger rashly, nor carrie
patience basely: have a minde to two humours, thy native
Countrey, to the content of Nature, and thy Heavenly Coun-
try, for thy soules comfort. I could write more at large, did
time give me leave: but to be short, let this in my hearts lobe,
these few lines I have writ thee, and so in my prayer for thee,
that

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that all good happinesse may befall thee; till I see thee and eber,
I rest,

Thine affectionate and avowed friend.

W. S.

His Answer.

I have received your loving Letter, and hold no small treasure of your instructions: in which I finde insolved in a few words matter of such moment, as shall hardly slippe out of my memorie. For though the world bee full of witches, yet if God be a guide; the devill can doe no hurt in the way: and therefore little lesse than accursed are they that scorne Heavens admonitions: I must confesse, that knowledge is the aime of a good wit, but to know God, and himselfe, is the best knowledge of the best man; where the tongue out runnes the braine, there wants iudgement in understanding, and rashnesse in adventure may bee the ruine of valour. and hee that loves to scosse, is worthy to bee scorned; the Crabble of Age commands the Reberence of youth, and the honour of vertue, makes youth gracious: these things I have noted at home, and hope to observe them abroad, but the better by your instructions. I shall helpe memorie in many points: at my returne you shall know the fruits of my travell, and by the ease of my course, you shall finde the home of my hearts longing: for my expenses, necessitie shall be my steward; and for Extremities, I hope to follow Experience in their avoidance for baseness, farre be it from my Nature, and in goodnesse, God prosper the hope of my happinesse; to which prayer hoping you will say Amen, with hearty thanks for kinde Counsell and continuall tokens of most true love, which though I cannot requite, I will endeavour to deserve, and to the uttermost of my power, in the inescrutable bands of avowed friendship will rest, where soever I am, or whatsoever I am: during life.

Yours what mine owne,

N. D.

The Letter Writer.

A Letter out of the Countrey to a friend in
the Citie.

If you bee not well, I am sozry you are no better, and if you
bee well in bodie, I am sozry you are so ill in minde, to be
so forgetfull of him, that is so mindefull of you: I know the
time is not so barren, but that there is some newes stirring:
for though the world be full of wickednesse, yet I hope, that
among many villaines, there may bee one honest man: and
though occurrents bee not currant, yet they may come, as
they come: for our businesse hereabouts, it is most about bza-
bles for haubles, and lawing for trifles, and bragging, and
wagering for Corkes and Horses, Dogges, and Hawkes,
Market meetings, and Bowling matches, beating of bargaines,
and bidding to Byrdalls: which being ordinarie courses, I
thinke it needlesse to writte of: but if there fall out any thing
worth the writing, you shall heare of it at the first hand, till
when wishing all well with you, and as soone as you may, to
heare from you, I rest,

Your assured loving friend,

M. R.

His Answer.

Sir, for your well wishings I thanke you, and from your ill
Sconceit would remove you, that I can ever forget you,
though I doe not as I would, remember you: the time is
not so barren, but that it bringeth forth weeds, which be-
ing neither tothsome nor wholesome, I meane to send you no
taste of, but reserue the time till the growing of better hearbs:
for our common businesse, it is most in the Physicians har-
vest among the sicke folkes, and the Lawyers trouble with mad
folkes: and now and then, with the Painters moze of the
living than to the life, and the Taylors in new fashions, setting
out the Childzen of Pride, a few idle Actors make soles of
many Spectatoz: Sinne moze reprehended, than amended

and

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and vertue more praised than rewarded; but among the wise; there are wondrous things, but, because I know few of the men, I will write nothing of their matters, and therefore for this time intreate you to bee content with my commendations, and so commit yours to the Almighty.

Yours or not his owne,

T. B.

A Letter to borrow Money.

Sir, your often wishing me to make use of your kindnesse, hath made me presume upon the fruite of your love: a little money will doe me much good, and I hope, you little, or no harme: five pounds will serue my turne, which within five moneths I will thankfully restore, and if I can deserue, with such contentfull consideration, as I hope shall giue no cause of discontinuance of your kindnesse: Loath I am to importune, though my occasion be urgent; and at this time; more to my god than man at another: Therefore intreating your speedie answer in good speed of my hope, leaving to your love the commandment of my best endeavours, and in my love, wishing you as much happinesse as I want, with thanks for your already found kindnesse, I rest,

Your affectionate friend,

T. W.

His Answer.

When kindnesse is costly, it alters the nature of the humour, a friend will weigh another by himselfe; who may bee without to day, and within to morrow; when a late full excuse, may bee no breach of love: Loath I am to denie you, though I know not how to grant you, when I must to furnish you, unfurnish my selfe; to say I cannot, I should bee too blame, knowing my abilitie, and

I

to

The Letter Writer.

to say I will not, were too grosse a part of unkindnesse ; and therefore that you may see my love, more in my heart, than my lippes. I will straine my accomits to procure your comfort : for though money in these daies bee swifter a going sozth than comming home: yet he that borrowes a good servant will have care to send him home at his day : I know your honestie which is the best sufficiency, and therefore make no doubt of your payment : The money I have sent you, and wish it to doe you as much good, as so much may doe you : so, not desiring to know your occasion, but assured, you will keepe your day, praying you not to want, wherein I may pleasure you : I rest.

Your assured friend.

N. R.

A Letter to a friend for a helpe at a pinch.

IF Proverbs proove true, a friend is best found in aduersity: If I mistake not my selfe, I account you alwaies no other; for as I have knowne you honest, and found you kinde, so am I perswaded of your constancy : how well able you are to pleasure mee, I know, and how willing you will be, I hope: Circumstances are tole, and therefore, thus in briefe, I am in hand with a gainesfull purchase, to the performance whereof, I must intreat your hand to a Band for a little money, to bee paid at five Moneths : for the discharge whereof, if I faile my day, let me be held dishonest : my estate you know, my assurance you shall have, and my love you shall finde, in that measure of thankfulnessse, that I hope shall satisfie your kindnesse: to which commanding the best employment of my endeavours, I rest,

Yours or not his owne.

D. W.

His

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His Answer.

P Roberbs may prove true, and yet friendship may faile, where will wants power to perfoyme the expectation of affection: if you knew not my love, you might doubt of my kindnes; but aduersity is a sound that agrees not with a better substance: to wish my hurt for your good, goes against the nature of true kindnesse, though to purchase your gaine, I would shew no lacke in my love: to enter into Bonds I would be loth, though I make no doubt of the discharge; but what you would borrow upon my assurance, I will adventure upon yours, desirous rather to adventure the care of your credit, then the Conscience of another: come therefore unto mee, and without further ceremonies, make your owne assurance for what will serue your turne: so till I see you, and alwaies to my power, to please you: in this, or what else, I rest,

Yours what mine owns.

R. T.

A Letter to a friend touching the course of
the world.

H Onest Nedde, I know thou lokest to heare from me, touching the course of this world, and let me tell thee, that among many, worse than Horse Courses, there are many Courses so course, and all good courses so out of course, that I am weary with looking almost any course: for painting of Sluts, and plotting of knaves, makes such a swarme of worse then Waspes, that honey is not onely of the doubtfull Gender, whether he bee honest, or not, but being leape yeare, the smocks make such a smoke, that no man is

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able to endure it ; Pride in a Puppets Hat , put downe a Pea-
cockes tayle , and povertie is so great with the multtude, that
they are ready to runne mad for money ; and fooles are so for-
tunate, that they learne to play the knaves with a little helpe :
Now for women, God save the best , till the worst amend, but
for some of them, howsoever they be in Masowes of humane
Creatures , in their spirits, they are surely devills incarnate :
Friendship is out of use , and love is beyond all knowledge :
Patience is put to her triall , where oppression is a great mo-
ver of Passion : Charitie is a worke of zeale , and the World
is none of that Nature : and where Willcome goes no fur-
ther than wealth , Grace takes her farewell at the grave :
Particular newes I will write thee none , for that which is
nought the world is full of , and that which is good , I can
take no note of : and therefore let this suffice thee , that ex-
cept God looke the sooner downe into the World, the devill
will have too great a power on the earth : But God blesse his
servants, and let the rest take their walks : for my selfe I pray
as for thee, that we may tarrle Gods leasure, and live to Gods
pleasure : Farewell.

Thine or not his owne,

N. M.

His Answer.

MAD Tom, Excuse me for thy melancholy Letter, but since
it agreeth with the time, I like the better of the temper :
thou hast counted a course out of breath , but where goodnesse
is out of course, what better than courtesie can bee looked
for : but God hath his Church in despite of the devill , and
Vertue will bee graced, when Vice hath her reward : Blacke
hearts , and white faces , are figures of infernall Angels,
which

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which make such haste in their mischiefs, that runne headlong into hell: Nature hath altered her course in the name of a friend, while Adversity is an Adversarie to the continuance of Amity: and as for love, it is a riddle that none understands, but hee that made it: Now Charitie being a Church-wooke, Laymen will little meddle with it; but for wealth, it is of late in some places of such a power, that it makes a foole seeme wise, and a knave accounted honest; but I must confesse, it is but for a time, till the chaffe bee sifted from the Coyne, and then the Chapman knowes what to buy for his money: for Pride, it goes as high as the Walter, when Theebes will bee too busie with true men, and Robertie is at such a passe, that Patience is faine to bee her best helps. Forced Beautie is but Natures Ape, and wicked plots are but the devils Agents: God bleesse us from him and them, and send us his grace to guide us in all actions. If thou wilt come and live with me, thou shalt find another kind of coursing betwixt the Greyhound and the Hare, the Cat and the Mouse, and the Swallow and the Flie, where sport is without spight, more than in the working of nature: In briefe, finding the world so crosses to thy content, let mee like an old friend, end my Letter with an old Song: Come live with me, and be my love: farewell.

Thine as thou knowest,

A Letter to a friend in Sicknesse.

I heare by our next Neighbour, of your great weaknesse, by reason of a long and strange sicknesse, which to my love

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Love was grieuous, in hope of your better health, yet with my sorrow I had my comfort, in hearing of your happy patience: for whatsoever bee your fits, doe not you thinke any thing unfit, that God hath thought fit for you, whereby in the triall of your obedience, to make you fit for his service: for his recreation shewes his care, and his Comfort his Mercy, and in both his Love; or beleue me, his Wisdome is beyond our capacity, his Power beyond our apprehension, and his Mercy above our commendation: and therefore let me entreate you to continue the humilitie of your love, in the continuance of your patience, and hold fast the assurance of the second life, howsoever be the uncertaintie of this: so in my heartie prayer for your health and preservation, till I heare further from you, and alwaies I rest.

Your affectionate friend.

T. N.

His Answer.

What comfort I have found by your Letter, you shall know if I like by my love, which can never be unthankfull to God for the advice of so heavenly a Physician: whose spirituall medicines have so purged my heart of impatience, that by the lessening of my paine, I am in good hope of recovery: while in the correcting of the pride of self, I finde comfort in the humilitie of my spirit, where nature is so fitted to the will of Grace, as hath made mee ready for the service of my Saviour: Pardon me if I answer not each point of your Letter, by reason of the weaknesse of my braine, and therefore to bee short, let this suffice for this time: I praye you still praye for mee, that Gods strength maye bee seene in my weak.

The Letter Writer.

weaknes, and his Mercie be glorified in my recouerie: to which
prayer, hoping you will say Amen: I rest,

Yours assured during life,

A fantastickall love Letter.

Mistris, if I could hate you, I would not love you, but,
because I cannot be master of my selfe, I am content to
become your servant: Now, if my affection exceed my discre-
tion, I praise you beare with my imperfection, and chide your
beautie for my follie to draw my heart into your hands, for if
there be a fault, it is in your too much worth, to bring wit in-
to such a wonder, that nothing can satisfie his love but your fa-
vour, which if it bee a death to be denied, take heede of Con-
science in a killing humour: for a desperate disease must have a
desperate remedie; which is in me, and must come from you:
in batese therefore bestinke you, what I shall thinke of you,
which when I doe, I know what to say to you, and till then
and alwaies I rest,

Yours as you use me,

N. S.

Her Answer.

Sir, if I could love you, I would not hate you, and being
Mistris of my selfe, I would not bee servant to any other:
keepe your heart from my hands, till mine eyes become
hookes, and my Beautie shall beere no folly, where nature ex-
ceeds.

The Letter Writer.

Lackes not discretion : Your imperfection I know not, nor your affection I beleefe : and therefore the wound will not be mortall, that may bee healed with a little Patience : Be-
thinke you therefore better, what you have to thinke on,
than to trouble your thoughts with that which will make
you ne're the better for your thinking : and for your disease,
since I am no Physitian, I can give you no medicine : and
therefore leaving you to better advice for your comfort, wish-
ing you no hurt, though unable to doe you any good, I
rest,

Your well wishing friend,

M.T.

A Letter to a friend that was
much crossed in the
world.

Kinde Henry, I am sojry to heare how Fortune playes
her teates with thee : to day sicke, to morrow well, to
day in hope, to morrow in feare ; now as sober as a phil-
losophe, and by and by as madde as a wilde spere : so that, if
it were not that I hope thou wilt bee ever thy selfe, I know
not what would become of thee ; but if I may advise thee
for thy good, whatsoever befall thee, doe thy selfe no hurt :
for if thou wouldest fret thy heart out, stampe and stare
thyne eyes out, and swell till thou burst, what will be, shall be ;
and therefore trall thy passions, lay a plaister of Patience to
thy heart, and thy whole body will bee the better for it : for
my selfe, I can but wish the world would not so thwart thee,
but that an honest heart might not bee followed with unhap-
pinesse : but old sayings have new sences : The more,
the

The Letter Writer.

the verier : but, let them bee, and bee thou thy selfe: hold out
till the end, and the Evening with passe the day : in hope
whereof, and prayer for which, till I see thee, or heare from
thee, I rest.

Thine as his owne,
R. F.

Honest Franck, if thou wert not the foster of the Frying-
panne, thou wouldest never have had so much of thy
mothers titt, for, I hope thou canst see as farre into a mill stone,
as hee that hath never an eye in his head : I pray thee tell me,
must not every day have a night, every Summer, a Winter,
and every pleasure a paine : and shall I then looke for continu-
ance of my comfort in this world : No : I am resolved to set
up my rest, upon no rest in this life, and long till I bee acquain-
ted with the condition of a better : for Patience, I am so used
to it, that I make it a medicine for all diseases, and therefore
come what will, I will beare all as I shall bee able : Now for
the world, I am so farre in love with it, that I care not how
long I were out of it : but since I must stay my time in it, I will
use it while I am in it, and bee glad, when I shall leave it : till
then, wishing thee better fortune in it, than ever I could pick
out of it, I rest : till I see thee, and alwayes,

Thine as thou knowest,
R. F.

The Letter Writer.

A Letter to a wise man for his advice,
touching necessary instructions.

My good Cozen, I know you are well experienced in the world, and with your adVICE can much benefit my understanding; but, let me intreate you not to out-reach my capacity with complements, for I am a plaine man, and love no trickes: and therefore if you love mee, tell mee what is good for mee to take, and to refuse, that in the hope of my care, I may the better finde comfort: Learning, you know I have little, and therefore you must goe plainely to worke with mee, or else pray to God for mee for a better Fortune then follows me: so wishing thee nearer mee, that wee might share stakes for our passions, and shutting Fortune out of doores, trust to heaven for our best happinesse: I rest,

Your all humble owne,

His Answer.

My good kinsman, your plaine request, I will plaine answer: my instructions shall not bee many, but I hope to good purpose, if you will observe them: rise early, and bee not idle when you are up: feede moderately, and drinke not your haine in a Beere-barrell: keepe not a Jade at racke and manger, lest hee eate out his head in the Stable: make much of your money for necessities, and keepe somewhat for adveere years: Let not time slippe, when he is well offered,

serve

The Letter Writer.

serve God, and feare not the devill: deale truly, and ho-
nestly, both for Conscience and Credit, and bee kinde to
your friends, lest you bee hated of your neereſt Neighbour:
account at night what you have done all day, and when the
candle is out, it is time to take your rest: ſo in few words,
leading enough to charge your memorie with at once, when
I finde fit occasion, you shall heare further from mee: till when
and allwaies, I rest.

Your assured loving
Kinsman,

T.D.

A Letter from an Uncle to his Ne- phew, newly come to his Land.

Neephew, I heare of late by some of your good friends,
that your best friend on the earth, your kinde Father
hath lately given a farewell to this world, and is gone to a
better: I heare withall, that he hath left you a faire por-
tion of living, I meane, of Land, the better to live withall, if
you governe it well: I heare withall that you are going to
the Court, and by your service, to seeke your advancement:
Boldly, you will finde it a place of charge, yet where
if you be by industrie may climb the Steppes of Honour:
But for your better instruction in all your carriage, let mee
set you downe a few points, that if you lay up in memorie,
may doe no hurt to your understanding: Imprimis, serve
God, and under him, the King: believe no power at the
first report; tell few of none, lest they fall not out to bee true:
and if you be in the way, which is the way of God, you shall be

The Letter Writer.

Be carefull of thy Credit, and not too labish of thy purse: Keep thy hand from a Bore, and bores not upon Interest: so the Broker makes great use of Time: Be not basely familiar, no; insalently proud, take heed of Flattery, and Flatterie, and let your heart lead your eyes to the love of Vertue, so shall your spirit finde most comfort, and your Conscience bee best at quiet: Let Calues bee for Babes, and Fables for Foles, and letke you another world, than where wits gos a wool-gathering: Consent to no stibill, conceale no Treason, rather keepe a meane, than clime too high to take a fall: Have patience with crosses, pray for Comforts, hope not vainely, no; distrust unwisely; resolve upon good grounds, and gos forwarde in good actions: In summe, spare to spend, and live to die, that thou mayest die to live: so shall thy heart finde happinesse, thy name Honour, and thy Soule Eternall comfort: and thus till I heare from thee, to the Lord of Heaben I leave thee.

Thy most loving Vnole,

Mist. John V. the most loving

of the most loving

John V. the

T. D.

advice I have to give you is, that you should be careful of your credit, and not too labish of your purse: Keep your hand from a bore, and bore not upon interest: so the broker makes great use of time: Be not basely familiar, no; insalently proud, take heed of flattery, and flatterie, and let your heart lead your eyes to the love of vertue, so shall your spirit finde most comfort, and your conscience bee best at quiet: Let calves bee for babes, and fables for foles, and letke you another world, than where wits gos a wool-gathering: Consent to no stibill, conceale no treason, rather keepe a meane, than clime too high to take a fall: Have patience with crosses, pray for comforts, hope not vainely, no; distrust unwisely; resolve upon good grounds, and gos forwarde in good actions: In summe, spare to spend, and live to die, that thou mayest die to live: so shall thy heart finde happinesse, thy name honour, and thy soule eternall comfort: and thus till I heare from thee, to the Lord of Heaben I leave thee.

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The spirit, what care I have for you be, if you bee not to mee; no; how rich you bee, if you bee not rich to mee; no; how honest, if you bee not honest to mee; no; how quiet, except you will bee quiet with mee; no; what you bee at all, if you bee not all to mee; and therefore looke satrly upon mee, kindly upon mee; part your wealth with mee, deale honestly with mee, and bee quiet with me, and all in all to none but

The Letter Writer.

but to God and mee, and then you shall bee sure of me, to hate me, to command mee, to imploy me, and every way to make such use of mee, that you shall finde such content in mee, that you shall have cause to love mee, that you will never leave me: to hoping that you will answer mee, in such sort as shall comfort me, what I say, trust mee, none but you shall hate me, and so I protest you shall finde me,

Yours as you use me,

N.R.

FINIS.

